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"HELLO, SMARTY!"

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Teeth, bones, brain and
nerves need phosphates.
Cooking processes rob
your food of them. Cere-
bos Salt used in the
daily food restores
them.

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CAKES

Send for sample, enough for the family, naming your grocer.
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(LINEN-MESH)
Underwear

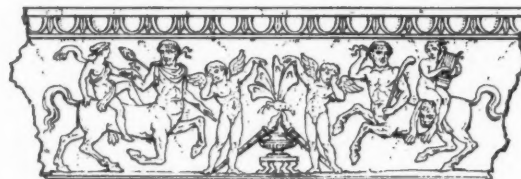
The wearing qualities and finish of this famous Underwear have recently been much improved, and we believe it is to-day the most comfortable, healthful and altogether satisfactory underclothing that has yet been produced. Thousands of our most intelligent customers are enthusiastic regarding it.



While ideal for every season, it is especially delightful for Summer wear, and we cordially invite a trial by those who are not familiar with its merits.

The garments, or booklets giving further information, at
JAMES McCUTCHEON & CO., 14 WEST 23d ST., N. Y.

"Most absorbing."—*New York Times.*



Such idle themes no more can move,
Nor anything but what's of high import—
And what's of high import but love?
— *Horace.*

THE VILLA CLAUDIA

By J. A. Mitchell, author of "Amos Judd," "The Last American," "The Pines of Lory," etc. Fifty decorative designs. With all Booksellers and

LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY. \$1.50

LIFE



AS WE EXPAND.

Fair Martian: SO GLAD YOU CALLED, MRS. EARTHBORN! I ASSURE YOU WE GET VERY LONESOME AT TIMES. THAT'S THE WORST OF LIVING IN the suburbs.

Sonnets of Schooldays.

SONNET OF THE LAMENTATION.

OWER ant is sick thee wun thatts gott
thee do
ann iff shee dize this weke thenn i kant go
Too henry beamus partty becuz i
Wood be in morning fore hur wich is wi.
ann henry sez iff he noo wenn sheed go
Heed hav his partty justt a day ur so
befoar shee dide butt u kan neaver tel
how long thale liv. shee may lasst kwite a
spel
for wimmen hoove gott lotts uv stuf uno
Moast alwus doo thare dyen offul slo.

i hoap shee duzzent di butt iff shee hast
too mete hur fait i hoap thatt shee wil lasst
til aftur henrys partty becuz wee
Ur goen too giv jo ames a shivveree.
ive gott mi dishpann reddi ann thee boize
Ur awl prepared to raze ann offul noize.
uv kors iff ante dize thatt fickses mee
Fore ile bee with thee morners doant u see
Ann feal so sadd i woodunt care too go
Nott eaven wenn thare shivvereean jo.

pop thinks ile bee hur air ann .ff i gett
hur munny ile bete willy peerson yet.
ile gott mi uther gurl away frum me
butt wenn ime rich sheel kum rite back. u sea
ann thenn ile lett hur kum until he rithes
With gellusy ann pane ann mones and sithes
Ann thenn ile kast hur off ann bidd hur go
becuz shee plade me fals ann tel hur so.
i hoap shee duzzent di butt iff thee wurst
Shood kum i hoap weel hav thee parrry furst.

J. W. Foley.

A Pessimistic Outlook.

"I'M about sick of civilization," said
Jones, with a weary smile. "Just
look at the happenings of one week.
I've jotted down a few that I can re-
member:

'Had indigestion after eating a dish
of Perfection Breakfast Food.

'Cut myself with a safety razor.

'Was delayed two hours going to busi-

ness by a break-
down on the Rapid
Transit.

'Fountain pen
wouldn't work—
had to dip it.

'Suffered agony
getting a tooth ex-
tracted at a pain-
less dental office.

'Broke my un-
breakable suspend-
ers.

'Lost ten dollars
by taking an abso-
lutely sure tip on
the races.

'Had to order a
stove for our steam-
heated flat.

'Gave away two
sets of non-shrink-
able underwear to
the janitor's boy;
couldn't get them
on.

'Paid three dol-
lars to have my
dust-proof watch
cleaned.'

"Well, that's not
all," he concluded,
"but it's enough to
make one wish for
the stone age again."

G. M. L. Brown.



"DOWN AND OUT."



"While there is Life there's Hope."
VOL. XLIII. JUNE 16, 1904. No 1129.
17 WEST THIRTY-FIRST STREET, NEW YORK.

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AT a luncheon given in London to ex-Mayor Seth Low by the Pilgrims Club, that judicious Briton, Mr. James Bryce, M. P., in proposing the health of President Roosevelt, named him as the greatest man who had occupied the Presidential chair since Washington. So the papers have reported, and at this writing Mr. Bryce has not denied it. It is an interesting opinion. Coming from Jacob Riis, it would not have moved us, for Mr. Riis is an indulgent and somewhat toothless admirer of Colonel Roosevelt. But Mr. Bryce has regularly set up to be a student and critic of American statesmen, and if he says Mr. Roosevelt is our greatest President save one, he must think he has real reasons for thinking so.

Perhaps if he had spoken before luncheon instead of afterwards, he would have hesitated to compare our living President with one so great and so long dead. Comparisons of that sort are fit to daunt even the rash. We have meditated for a hundred years on Washington, and we begin to think we know him, but Roosevelt no one fully knows as yet; not Jacob Riis, nor Mr. Bryce, nor the President himself. It is shocking to suggest that a living American is greater than Lincoln, and disturbing to many of us to place a contemporary higher than General Jackson or Jefferson, but that is only because such comparisons pinch us in our established prejudices. It may be true that Mr. Roosevelt's greatness

strains the joinership of the Presidential chair more than it has been strained for a hundred and eight years, but no one can safely say as yet that it is true. The perspective must have time to form on the picture of Theodore Roosevelt before comparisons can be made with any safety.



BUT if Mr. Bryce's estimate of our young President reflects in any considerable measure the feeling about him in London, what a time Colonel Roosevelt will have when he has leisure to travel abroad! A good thing his habits are abstemious! Whether or not he is a first-class great man, it is noticeable that he is almost incorrigibly addicted to actions that a man *might* do if he were great. He is bold. He takes responsibility easily, and as though he enjoyed it. No doubt he does enjoy it. He reminds many observers of German William, and it is widely admitted now that William is one of the most efficient rulers Germany has ever had. He and our President are both men of extreme mental activity. Great men are of that class. Some of them—Mahomet, Caesar and Napoleon, for example—have been credited with epileptic tendencies, by which, at times, the action of their minds was still further stimulated. Alienists tell us that Joan of Arc belongs in this same group. Other great men, like the younger Pitt and our own Webster, have stimulated a prodigious mental apparatus with alcohol, thereby concentrating its action into fewer years of life. You can't be a great man unless you can keep your mind working to pretty good purpose all the time, and to very notable purpose in emergencies. Colonel Roosevelt's mind seems never to need rest, and he has the advantage of some of the great ones we have mentioned in that he does not need to resort either to visions or to alcohol for his special inspirations, but finds support for his eager intellectuals in a strong body disciplined by exercise. History *may* speak as handsomely of him as Mr. James Bryce does. Contem-

porary opinion concedes that already at forty-five he is one of the most notable persons at present on earth.



IT is a daring undertaking for the Post Office Department to attempt to expurgate the advertising columns of the newspapers, but it has given out that it will make the effort. It proposes to pay more attention than heretofore to the advertisements in all the periodicals, and especially to those that have to do with cure. When it finds one that is indecent or more flagrantly deceptive than the statute permits, the paper or periodical printing it is to be warned that it is violating the law, and unless it drops the objectionable advertisement it will be excluded from the hospitality of the mails. There are a good many patent remedies that are no worse than can reasonably be expected, and these will, doubtless, continue to enjoy the patronage of consumers, but the abatement of a large body of the advertising swindlers, medical and otherwise, is very much to be desired. They ought to be reached and pulled in. We hope they will be handled with the discretion which is so very necessary to the success of any effort to restrict them. Few forms of liberty are so dear to large groups of Americans as the liberty to fleece and swindle their confiding brethren. The Post Office will have to fight, but it deserves support



PORT ARTHUR is a very hard nut to crack, but the Japanese are bent on cracking it, and it looks now as if they would succeed. What is the Russian Government, anyway? Is it a corrupt and crushing despotism that retards Russian civilization, or is it the best form of organized government that the Russians are fit as yet to maintain? Whichever it is, the Japs evidently feel, and feel intensely, that it is not good enough for Eastern Asia.



A GENERAL IDEA OF THE MONROE DOCTRINE.

Analysis of a Fashionable Wedding.

AMBITION - - - -	76.999
Exultation - - - -	76.921
Superciliousness - - - -	76.402
Presents - - - - -	76.503
Dresses - - - - -	76.503
Envy, hatred and malice -	76.999
Flowers - - - - -	76.101
Music - - - - -	76.004
Ecclesiastical toadying -	76.607
Social display - - - -	80.999
Scandal and gossip - - -	76.275
Sneers and backbiting - -	76.798
Newspaper notoriety - - -	76.889
Total - - - - -	1,000,000
Good wishes - - - - -	A trace.

Also with nearly imperceptible indications of possible love, joy, hope and happiness; probably only accidental, if present at all.

*Dan Cupid, A. D., B. C.,
Analytical and Synthetical
Chemist.*

Per Alex. Ricketts,

A Defect in Method.

Harper's Weekly, though protesting that William Hearst's candidacy is the most audacious ever, and quite impossible, has published a nice biographical piece about him, skilfully setting forth his personal attractions.

Brother Hearst can hardly hope to get full credit for his benevolence unless he mends some of his methods. The Scriptures tell us to give unobtrusively, not so much as divulging to the left hand the good deeds of the right. But when Brother Hearst gives, he orders his seven brass bands to play their loudest, and all his editors to proclaim his disbursements in six-inch type. He gets an advertisement, and, no doubt, that is lawful enough. But that should naturally be the end of it. His biographers may not reasonably claim for him moral credit for good deeds, the full value of which he has chosen to take out in advertising. They must detect him in doing good on the sly and trying to avoid notice; then they can brag about his generous altruism to some purpose.

The Tariff.



THE tariff was first invented by *Rameses II.* as a protection to embalming industries, and has since been used principally by the Republican party.

The tariff exists for the benefit of the workingman, by putting money into the pocket of his employer. If we had no tariff, there would be

no Carnegie; no Carnegie, no libraries; no libraries, no popular trash to read; and no popular trash, no educated workingman; hence the benefit of the tariff.

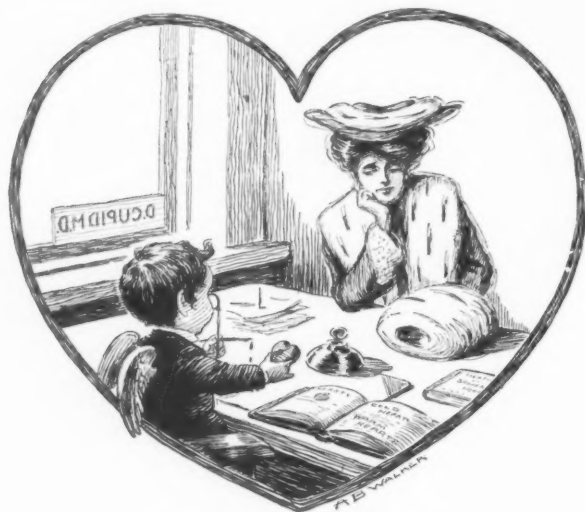
The tariff takes every infant industry it can find on the doorstep, feeds it on roast beef, champagne, nectar and ambrosia, gives it a million-dollar establishment to live in, stocks up the coal-bin with diamonds and other useful fuel, and generally helps it to keep the wolf from the door.

Without a tariff we would be too honest to be happy. By providing ample revenues for the pension list and the Agricultural Department, our two principal industries are constantly gladdening our young lives by their home-brewed prosperity.

With a watchful, lusty tariff standing over us like a guardian angel, we can pay double for our necessities, in the calm assurance that we are benefiting the few men who really deserve to be very well off.

DASHAWAY: Did you have any trouble making love to Miss Flyer?

CLEVERTON: None whatever. The trouble came when I tried to break away.



DAN CUPID, M. D., HEART SPECIALIST.



STRANGE THEORIES

Ah Ping: THE FOREIGN DEVILS HAVE A CRAZY IDEA THAT THE EARTH IS ROUND.

Oh Pong: I COULD FORGIVE THAT, BUT THEY ALSO THINK THEY OWN IT, AND ALLOW US TO LIVE ON THE UNDER SIDE.

A Mere Trifle.

"IS this the superintendent of the Metropolitan Street Railway? Well, one of your conductors insulted me this morning."

"My dear sir, don't mention it."

Our Fresh-Air Fund.



AT LIFE'S FARM.

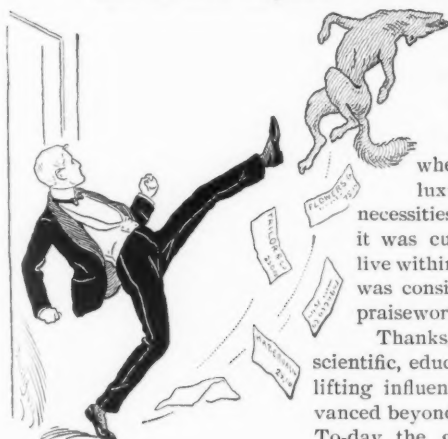
LIFE'S Farm is now open, and the children are beginning to arrive. Remember that three dollars gives one child a good time for two weeks, and there are more city children who have a good time coming to them than those who get it.

Not to speak of the physical returns.

Acknowledged to date.....	\$3,808.36
Katherine Clark Culver.....	25.00
L. C. W.....	15.00
J. J. Desmond	5.00

\$3,853.36

How to Live Beyond Your Income—Permanently.



IN the effete days of old, when kings and other hard-working monarchs were tolerated by some of the best people, and when necessities were luxuries and not luxuries necessities, as they are to-day, it was customary to try and live within one's income. This was considered a laudable and praiseworthy thing to do.

Thanks, however, to all our scientific, educational and other uplifting influences, we have now advanced beyond this crude condition. To-day the great and absorbing question is how to live beyond our

incomes—and to do it permanently.

This is an important matter—much more important than any other—and we regret that science has apparently neglected it. If science, actuated by those noble and disinterested ideals, that, alas! it is not always so eager to follow, should invent a flying-machine for the exclusive use of people who are living beyond their incomes and bar out all the creditors, there might be something in it. But science will never do this. We know science well enough to be certain that, just as we are about to conceal ourselves swiftly behind some friendly cloud, she will have sold to a higher bidder some faster machine, and our creditor will swoop down upon us and present his bill.

* * *

THIS is a question that, in reality, ought to be decided by the majority, and as the majority of us are living beyond our incomes, it ought to be possible for us to carry the matter in a popular election; and it would be possible to do this if we had reached that exalted state of consecration that we ought to have reached, with all the truly civilizing influences at our command. But,

in some respects, we are behindhand. Our conceptions of what the State owes us are still too faulty to be of any real service.

It is possible, however, that we may be able to arrive at a solution of this problem, if we look at it in that philosophical spirit and that clarity of vision that its merit deserves.

First, then, as already hinted at, we must understand that it is not so much how we can live beyond our incomes—because most of us are doing it now—as to how we can keep it up, and do so easily, calmly, gracefully and happily. At present, we retain some remnants of self-respect. Odd notions of obsolete economy still cling to us like the rags of yesterday's raiment. We do not know our power.

We must learn to live beyond our incomes permanently and peacefully and as our bounden right. Instead of being obliged to lower ourselves by dodging our creditors, they should be made, if not to dodge us, at least to realize our claims upon their lasting gratitude. How can this be done? So easily, so simply, that it seems almost absurd.

* * *

FIRST, one must have an income, no matter how small it is, to live beyond. This is necessary.

Now with any kind of an income one can always secure an amount of credit proportioned to the size of the income. We thus have the two elements that may conduce to our future happiness, if we but take advantage of our opportunities. For example, suppose we start with an income of two thousand a year. We then, on the strength of this, open an account with firm number one, and having established our credit with this firm, we open another account with firm number two, referring them to number one. Then we open accounts with various other firms, referring them to the others. Our next step is to build up a reputation for paying our bills never at any stated time. For if we acquired the fatal habit of paying everything we owe on the first of the month, ruin would stare us in the face. But if our creditors come to regard us as good pay, but somewhat irregular, we shall then be able to extend the credit beyond the line of our income.

At the end of the first year, therefore, we shall find that we have spent our income and have several hundreds of unpaid bills—that is, we have lived beyond our income to this extent.

And now we come to the most important point in the solution of our problem. For, while we have only made \$2,000 during this year, and have lived at the rate of \$2,500, we find that the very fact of our having done this—provided we haven't worried about it—has increased our ability. We have expanded our nerve. We have lived a larger life. We have accumulated not only bills but friends. So that, instead of making \$2,000, we find that it is easy for us to make \$2,500 a year. This makes it possible for us to extend our line of credit, so that we can now live at the rate of \$3,000. The mere fact of our living at the rate of \$3,000, when we are making in reality but \$2,500, makes it easy for us the next year to increase our abilities to the \$3,000 basis, so that the following year we can live at the rate of \$3,500.

On this scientific basis, an honest and painstaking young man, ambitious for his own future, who starts out with an income of \$2,000, if he lives beyond it sensibly and judi-

ciously, can, at the end of ten years, be living beyond an income of \$15,000, and, with health and strength, there is no earthly reason why he should not keep this rate indefinitely.

It may be asked, that if this principle is true, why so many fail? The answer is, because the majority of us worry. Instead of allowing the living beyond our incomes to be a source of joy and genuine inspiration and solace and positive strength, we sap what should be our increasing energies, and allow our judgments to be absorbed by old woman's notions of economy. To cure ourselves of this detrimental souvenir of the past, we should examine occasionally the narrow and inconsequential lives of those few still left among us who are yet living within their incomes, and learn real wisdom. Our very extravagance ought to be an ever-present help in time of trouble.

* * *



WE never see the man who has learned to be content within his income making any great effort to increase it. It is only the more fortunate among us who are unable to live within their incomes, who are doing the real work of the world. If you can keep your creditor guessing permanently, you should be entitled to his lasting homage. Why, if it wasn't for you and your increasing possibilities to make more money in the future by your present liberal ideas, he would then be at the mercy of the people who live within their incomes, and his very existence threatened.

Let us not delude ourselves. With an established line of credit and a well-developed nerve, the continuous living beyond our income becomes a sacred duty. And where duty calls us, we must go.

Tom Masson.

When Does an Animal Become an Error?

EDITOR OF LIFE.

Dear Sir: I am anxious to find out from our friends, the Christian Scientists, at what size an animal becomes an error. We learn that suffering and death are the result of error; and yet we cannot say that a man who is devoured by a tiger suffers from some inherent mental defect. Considering the matter further, I suppose death by a wolf may leave the man an innocent victim. Some human beings have been devoured by rats, and some have been stung to death by hornets. In these cases the cause of death seems to have been more than an idea. Now, when does the Christian Science death begin? Does it begin when we reach the animals of the microscope? Is the cancer an idea and the hornet a reality? Is the malarial germ which devours the red blood corpuscles an idea, an error; and if so, what is the tiger which devours the entire man? How small must a destructive organism be to become an error? Personally, I have no particular choice between a tiger and a typhoid germ. They seem equally active. I fear I am becoming hopelessly confused, which may be a sign that I am becoming a Christian Scientist. The thought occurs to me that, perhaps in all the cases I have mentioned, the error



AUTO ANTIDOTE.

may be on the part of the animals, instead of on the part of the man. If so, Christian Science must rally to the task of converting the organic world. But my question remains: At what specific size does an animal become an error?

Hoping to gain some information through your all-wise pages, Believe me, faithfully yours,

Louise Beecher Chancellor.

BLOOMFIELD, N. J., May 22, 1904.

Specials from the Scene of Operations.

WASHINGTON, Saturday.—Miss Alice Roosevelt arose this morning and drank a cup of coffee and ate an egg. It is understood that she will soon visit her milliner.

SUNDAY.—Miss Alice Roosevelt passed a very good night, sleeping for nearly eight hours. This morning she attended church; all the congregation rose.

NEW YORK, Monday.—It is understood that Miss Alice Roosevelt will honor our city with her presence, coming via the Pennsylvania R. R. Yesterday she wore a short skirt.

CONEY ISLAND, Tuesday.—Nearly twenty thousand people saw Miss Alice Roosevelt enter Dreamland this afternoon. The sight was inspiring. She had on a shirt waist. Also hat, skirt and gloves.

ST. LOUIS, Thursday.—Miss Alice Roosevelt rode to the Exposition to-day in a friend's automobile. She rode very well. She was seen to talk.

CHICAGO, Friday.—Miss Alice Roosevelt is here. She stopped at a drug store and bought an ice-cream soda. Then she visited a hair-dresser's. She is still there. It is hoped she will not go out the back way and disappoint the crowd.



WALTER WALZ FAWCETT.

He (having told a rather risqué story): WELL—DON'T YOU SEE THE POINT?
"NO—NOT IF IT'S WHAT I THINK IT IS."



A DIFFERENCE OF OPINION.

Never Again.

HUMPTY DUMPTY stepped into the elevator of the new office building, but, glancing hastily upward, precipitately got off at the second floor.

"I've had one good fall in my life," he observed cautiously.

"DO you suppose it is possible for us to be any more civilized than we are?"

"Well, they say there is no limit to our capacity for suffering."

THE boy resolves to discover the universe; the youth, humanity; the man, himself.

Protest.

IT was the elephant who spoke first.

"My friends," he said, "this is an indignation meeting to protest against the way we are being written up by man. I look around me and on every side see nothing but the heroes of some animal book. As a matter of fact, there isn't one of us that has any one of the feelings or instincts of a man. And yet these fellows try to make it appear as if we had."

The sand-hill stag sprang to his feet.

"What my friend, the elephant, has said is most true," he cried. "It's a shame that we should have to submit to this sort of thing. Has anyone a resolution to make?"

A Rocky Mountain bear, with his secretary, Mr. Crow, got up.

"My secretary has prepared the following:

"Whereas, Man is a creature of mere instinct, and not reason, that his habits of observation prevent him from ever knowing the true character of the animal world; therefore,

"Resolved, That from this time henceforth, he keep us out of his books."

And amid the most tremendous enthusiasm the resolution was unanimously adopted.

Addison Fox, Jr.

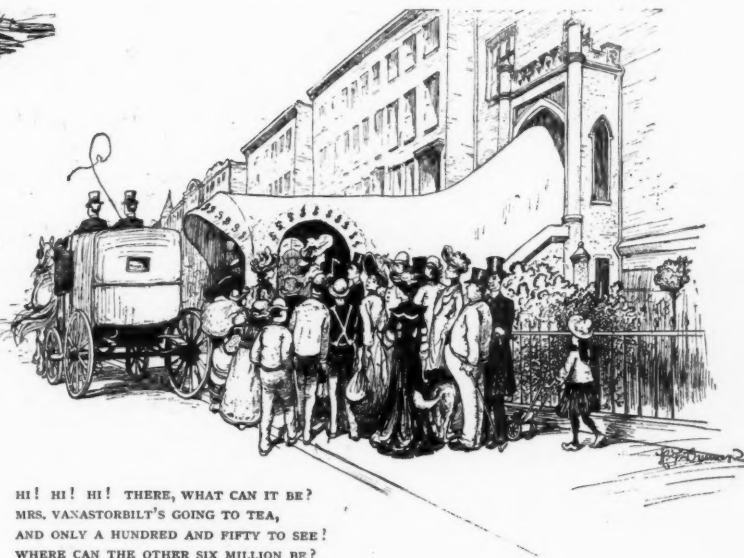
Forethought.

PATIENT: Doctor, I'll give you a thousand if you'll get me well without operating.

DOCTOR: No! I would lose more money in the long run, because this would establish a precedent.

"WAS your vacation a success?"

"Complete. I spent so much money on it that now I've simply got to take a rest."



HI! HI! HI! THERE, WHAT CAN IT BE?
MRS. VANASTORBILT'S GOING TO TEA,
AND ONLY A HUNDRED AND FIFTY TO SEE!
WHERE CAN THE OTHER SIX MILLION BE?



Copyright, 1904, by Life Publishing Co.

HIS ONLY PORTU
MR. TAGG, AS HOST, WISHES TO BECOME PERMANENTLY IDENTIFIED W



HIS ONLY OPPORTUNITY.
HE PERMANENTLY IDENTIFIED WITH CERTAIN IMPORTANT PEOPLE OF FASHION.



FROGVILLE SKETCHES.
THE OUTDOOR CLUB DOES A LITTLE CLIMBING.

One Woman's Wish.

WHEN we leave this world's distresses
Bound for lands beyond the skies,
How I hope there'll be no dresses
Fastened up with hooks and eyes.

Mary's Lamb.

A SERIOUS effort has been made to settle the authorship of that famous classic, "Mary Had a Little Lamb." Like the plays credited by enthusiasts to Shakespeare, this noble poem has long been the object of disputed claims and bitter controversy. The misguided conduct of the Lamb in seeking the rudiments of education has endeared it to millions of hearts, and whereas few people outside the reach of college settlements are familiar with Shakespeare's text, the wide English-speaking world has listened at some period of its career to that artless dialogue between children too innocently good for earth and a teacher ripe for Heaven. Mary, like Casabianca, dwells with the immortals. Like Casabianca, she has been the inspiration of countless parodies; and we are now assured by the most antithetical of English critics that a parody is born, not of scorn but of reverence; it is the expression, not of ribald mirth, but of an admiration too deep for praise.

Whittier, it is said, used to maintain that if he had known "Maud Muller" was going to be so popular, he would have written it better—in which case it would never have been popular at all. Had the authoress of "Mary Had a Little Lamb" known what a masterpiece she was creating, she would never



"THE FAT'S IN THE FIRE."



THIS POOR YOUNG MAN HAS BEEN ATTACKED WITHOUT PROVOCATION. WHERE IS THE DASTARDLY VILLAIN WHO COMMITTED THE ASSAULT?

have left to posterity the task of proving it was hers. Claimants to the honor have found the field a free one, and, so far, no cypher has been discovered to elucidate the mystery. There is something pathetic in the story of the old lady who all her life believed, not that she had written the poem, but that it had been written to her—that she *was* Mary, and that her lamb *was* the lamb. A "student" friend, the nephew of her minister, reared piously within the shadow of the church, had beguiled her into this delusion. Like the English girl who wrote to Tennyson, begging him to send her some verses which she might read as her own at a picnic, this godless young communist presented to Miss Sawyer a neatly written copy of "Mary Had a Little Lamb," and neglected to mention that it was not his

own composition. Many, many years later she learned how basely she had been deceived, and not unnaturally hesitated to credit the deception.

The *Century* has done a noble work in throwing the search-light of criticism upon this literary problem, and setting the public mind at rest.

Agnes Repplier.

A Revision.

TALLEYRAND said of a Republic that "it was the dream of honest men; the monomania of fools, and the despair of the well-to-do."

Of our Republic of to-day it may be said that it is the despair of honest men; the paradise of grafters, and the joy of the vulgar rich.

TO love one's fellow-men is easy, until one is introduced.

The LATEST BOOKS

MAURICE MAETERLINCK is one of a number of foreign writers, in regard to whom many good Americans hold cast-iron opinions formed from a subconscious amplification of a catchword. Schopenhauer, for instance, is damned as an indiscriminating misanthrope, and Maeterlinck dismissed as a rainbow-chasing symbolist. There is no better place to begin a revision of this snap judgment than at *Monna Vanna*, Maeterlinck's Pisan drama of the fifteenth century, lately published in English, wherein are found in exquisite balance the dignity of elemental passion and the artistic beauty which make for literature.

Messrs. Arthur B. Maurice and Frederic T. Cooper must be credited with scoring an exception to the rule that compilations are odious. Their *History of the Nineteenth Century in Caricature*, with its collection of over two hundred and fifty cartoons and its accompanying and explanatory text, is not only interesting and amusing, but remarkably suggestive in its tendency to humanize history by piercing the fogs of tradition with a ray of ridicule.

To *Windward*, Henry C. Rowland's history of a self-made American, a physician by choice and ambition, a sailor by occasional circumstance, is typical of much fiction, a book in regard to which praise or fault-finding is equally gratuitous. It is like the average dinner at the average inn, which supplies acceptably a passing need, but which one does not recommend as the objective of an excursion.

On the other hand, Edward Marshall's tale of the man who ran away to sea with his own diamonds, *The Middle Wall*, is like a shore dinner or a clambake. It is no conventional or ornate progress from hors-d'œuvres to chartreuse, but it has an informal bounty and a pervading tang of sea flavor and salt breeze that is worth a trip when the humor takes you.

Esther Singleton's *Japan* contains some forty articles from the writings of such men as Chamberlain, Hearn, Loti, Mompes, Humbert and others, covering a wide range of subjects and making an excellent book of reference. It is true that some of the translations are only fair and contain errors, but, while Chamberlain's *Things Japanese* is still the best single volume upon Japan, this serves as an extremely good addition.

The Faith of Men, by Jack London, adds eight tales to the author's many-sided studies of Alaskan life. Of these, *The One Thousand Dozen* and *A Hyperborean Brew* deserve to rank high in the series as illustrating, at the two extremes of the realistic and the fanciful, London's kinship with the soul of the pioneer.

A novelette and five short stories, by Charles Bloomingdale, Jr., are published under the title of *The Failure*, and one or two of the stories, notably *Six Lines of News*, are rather striking. The novelette is preachy and platitudinous, but both qualities have their sincere admirers, and these adjectives are intended as a guide, not as a condemnation.

J. B. Kerfoot.

Monna Vanna. A play in three acts, by Maurice Maeterlinck. (Harper and Brothers. \$1.20.)

The History of the Nineteenth Century in Caricature. By Arthur Bartlett Maurice and Frederic Taber Cooper. (Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.50.)

To Windward. By Henry C. Rowland. (A. S. Barnes and Company. \$1.50.)

The Middle Wall. By Edward Marshall. (G. W. Dillingham Company. \$1.50.)

Japan. Compiled by Esther Singleton. (Dodd, Mead and Company. \$1.60.)

The Faith of Men. By Jack London. (The Macmillan Company. \$1.50.)

The Failure. By Charles Bloomingdale, Jr. (The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. \$1.25.)



HUGGING A DELUSION.

The Poets on the Press.

THE mottoes, or trade-marks, adopted by some of the New York newspapers are well enough in their way; but they are lacking in imagination—a deplorable fault in journalism as distinguished from mere literature. "All the news printed to fit"; "One cent buys a rest"; "If you see it in *The Sun* it's so-so"—these devices are creditable as characterizations, but, after all, are merely aphoristic half-truths.

Would you have your inarticulate cries interpreted? Seek the companionship of the poets. Parnassus—the highest peak of them all. Inn of The Beautiful Star—open from May to October. Special rates to those chronically afflicted. Address—on one side of the paper only: H. H., Olympus. (Adv.)

The following mottoes are now for sale on very low terms:

Who guides the chariot of *The Sun* he Lords it but a day.—*John Vance Cheney*.

A primrose by the sounding sea, a YELLOW primrose is to me, and it is nothing more.—*From the Journal of Wordsworth*.

Most brisk and giddy-paced *Times*.—*Twelfth Night*.

After my death I wish no other *Herald*.—*King Henry VIII*.

How happy is the blameless vestal's lot!

The World forgetting, by *The World* forgot.—*Pope*.

Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve.—*The Globe*.—*Tempest* (in an afternoon tea-pot).

... the bringer of unwelcome *News*

Hath but a losing office, and his tongue

Sounds ever after as a sullen bell,

Remembered tolling a departed friend.—*King Henry IV*.

Thou trustest in the staff of this broken Reed —*Isaiah xxxvi*, 6.

Asleep at his *Post*.—*Anon*.

W. T. Larned.

A Sad Lack.

FIRST FIEND: That auto of mine doesn't go fast enough.

SECOND FIEND: What's the matter?

"Several victims have complained that they knew what struck them, which means a lingering death. And I am not cruel."



AMOR TRIUMPHANS.
THE END OF THE WORLD.

What They Said.

THERE was once a Woman whose Clothes were always Becoming.

And the Other Women united in saying:

"How can she, on her husband's income, Afford to dress so Expensively?"

She had been married Seven Years, and was Childless.

And her Friends, who had also been married

Seven Years, and rejoiced in abundance of Little Olive Plants, said:

"How can a woman so disregard her Duty to the Race?"

She was 'shapely, and kept her chin in when she walked.

And All The Women Whose Waist-lines were Indeterminate said:

"No woman that has so good a figure can

be other than Frivolous."

She kept the same Maid or Five Years.

And the women that changed servants Every Two Weeks said:

"But we require our housekeeping to be Well Done!"

She did not go in for Maeterlinck nor Browning Clubs.

And the women that strove to be Accepted by Magazines said:

"A True Wife should be a companion to the Intellectual side of her husband's Nature."

She went to Dances and was never a Wall-flower.

And all the women that knew her said:

"She is evidently a Coquette and a Menace to Society."

But she Went Away.

And these same women Lamented in Secret, saying:

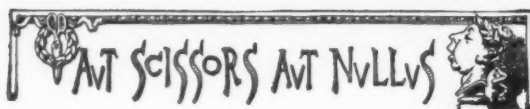
"We are indeed Bereaved, for, while she was Among us, we were always supplied with a Topic for Conversation!"

Grace Torrey.



TWO HEART BEETS.

· LIFE ·



BEIN' SICK.

When I am really sick abed
It isn't ever any fun.
I feel all achy in my head
An' hate to take my medisun.
Th' sheets get stickyish an' hot,
But I am not allowed to kick
'Em off, er read, er talk a lot
When I am sick.

I hate for all the folks about
To come an' pat me on th' face
An' say, "Poor child, you'll soon be out,"
An' tiptoe all around th' place.
They go when I pretend to be
Asleep—I do it for a trick:
I don't like folks to pity me
When I am sick.

My mother's diff'runt—I don't care
If she sits by me once er twice
An' says, "Poor boy," an' smooths my hair;
She ain't just tryin' to be nice.
They bring warm squushy things to me
For meals, an' make me eat em' quick.
I'm mis'ruble as I can be
When I am sick.

—Harper's Magazine.

LADY FLORENCE DIXIE, formerly the foremost sportswoman in England, and now repentantly devoting her time against cruelty, says:

"I have seen the terror-stricken orb of the red deer, dark, full of tears, glaring at me with mute reproach, as it sobbed its life away, and that same look have I seen in glorious-orbed guanaco of Patagonia, the timid gazelle, the graceful and beautiful koodoo, springbok, etc., of South Africa, seemingly, as it were, reproaching me for thus lightly taking the life I could never bring back. So, too, I have witnessed the angry, defiant glare of the wild beast's fading sight, as death, fastcoming, deprived him of the power to wreak his vengeance on the human aggressor before him. And I say this: The memory of those scenes brings no pleasure to my mind. On the contrary, it haunts me with a huge reproach, and I wish

I had never done those deeds of skill and cruelty. I will never again raise gun or rifle to destroy the glorious animal life of creation. Savagedom still dominates us in a great degree. A higher education and civilization will teach us to despise amusements which are purchased at the expense of suffering to animals."



SOMETHING OF A PLUNGER.

My husband had a devoted cat a few years ago, who used to meet him at a certain lamp-post near the house every evening on his return. She would then escort him home with many manifestations of joy and sit under his chair while he dined, waiting to receive her dinner from his hand. One winter a business trip took him away from the city for several weeks. Nights of fruitless watching at the lamp-post, her trysting place, we called it, were followed by listless days, when she would eat scarcely anything. She would sit under his empty chair at meal-times and sniff dejectedly at the most appetizing morsels. At last she seemed to give up hope, or else her weakness prevented her from walking so far, and the lamp-post knew her no more. Toward the end of the third week and just a day before my husband returned she died, of grief and starvation.—Cat Journal.

THE probable extinction of the terrapin as a gastronomical accessory is not regarded by the *New York Evening Post* with signs of alarm, judging from the following:

If, at the season of the peach crop's annual failure, we must have another discouraging report regarding some item of our daily victuals and drink, it is best that this should concern the terrapin. Deferring respectfully to the opinions of those who have made gustatory delights their life study, the statement can yet be made without fear of contradiction that there is no one of our national delicacies which so few people really like. What its own flavor may be very few persons know, since it is disguised as far as possible by an elaborately seasoned sauce. Certain it is that a compound indistinguishable by any but the highly trained palate from terrapin as usually served, could be made from the kittens put to such excellent uses by Sam Weller's friend. The National Fish Commissioner predicts a speedy end of the diamond back unless it be artificially nurtured and protected. Even though, at \$150 a dozen, these turtles must be a considerable item in our national wealth, there are many millions of our people who would observe their extinction without a sigh.

Two darkies lay sprawled on the levee on a hot day. Moses drew a long sigh and said, "Heey-a-h-h! Ah wish Ah had a hund'ed watermellions."

Tom's eyes lighted dimly. "Hum-ya-h! Dat would suttinly be fine. An' ef yo' had a hund'ed watermellions would yo' gib me fifty?"

"No, Ah wouldn't gib yo' no fifty watermellions."

"Would yo' gib me twenty-five?"

"No, Ah wouldn't gib yo' no twenty-five."

"Seems ter me yous powahful stingy, Mose. Wouldn't yo'—wouldn't yo' gib me one?"

"No, Ah wouldn't gib yo' one. Look a hyah, niggah, are yo' so good-fer-nuffin lazy dat yo' caih'n't wish fo' yo' own watermellions?"—*Youth's Companion*.

"Yes, I have just returned from Cuba," said J. G. Connaughton last night. "I brought back with me some nice presents for my wife. What are they? Well, a box of cigars, a fine Panama hat and an old Spanish pipe."

"Do I think she will enjoy such presents? Well, why not? Last Christmas she gave me a bottle of perfume, a fur muff and a lady's diamond ring."—*Louisville Herald*.

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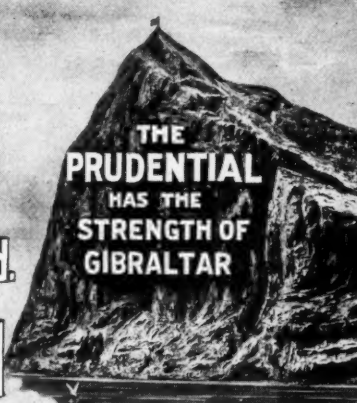
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G. McCLURE, 5820 Superior St., Austin, Ill."

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Allen's Foot-Ease, a powder. It cures painful, smarting feet and ingrowing nails, and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. Sold by all Druggists and Shoe stores, 25c. Don't accept a substitute. Trial package FREE. Address,

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"JOHNNY," said his mother, "I'm afraid you told me a deliberate falsehood."

"No, I didn't, mamma," protested Johnny, "I told it in an awful hurry."—*St. Paul Dispatch.*

IN making Lyman J. Gage an honorary member of his Bible class, young Mr. Rockefeller has placed the country under profound and lasting obligations by solving, in a felicitous and feasible manner, the vexatious problem of how to dispose of our ex-secretaries of the Treasury.—*Kansas City Star.*

CEREAL FOODS

without cream are not appetizing, but good raw cream is not always easy to get. Borden's Peerless Brand Evaporated Cream is superior to raw cream.

"WHEN the airships reach that stage of perfection where, they will be generally used," remarked the Observer of Events and Things, "a neighbor will only have to leave his scuttle open when he wants you to drop in."—*Yonkers Statesman.*

BILLINGS: They haven't decided yet what was the cause of Tom's death. When found there was a bottle half-full of whiskey on the table. It is very sad.

NODDLE: I believe you! What a pity he couldn't have lived long enough to drink it all up!—*Boston Transcript.*

HOTEL VENDOME, BOSTON.

The ideal hotel of America for permanent and transient guests.

SIDNEY: Miss Elsie is a lovely girl.

RODNEY: Yes; say, she's a regular pink-and-white peril.—*Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.*

NAYBOR: Is that a new henhouse you're building?

MR. SNAPPY: No; this is an old one I'm building to take the place of the new one I tore down last week.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

THE SOUTH FOR HOSPITALITY: The Manor, Asheville, North Carolina, is the best inn South. *Booklet.*

"WHAT are the university buildings all lighted up for to-night?"

"They're giving a reception to Professor Ontrack. He has discovered a microbe that feeds on the microbe discovered by Professor Diggittup the other day."—*Chicago Tribune.*

ABOUT the Suburban Handicap there is a certain atmosphere which attaches to no other race run in America. It is difficult to say just what gives it its distinction. The stake is a large one, but there are other large stakes which do not rouse the same interest. It is a classic stake, but there are also other classic turf events. It has been won by celebrated horses, but so have other races. It is probably a combination of things which makes the Suburban a race by itself in popular, professional and fashionable appreciation. First off, it is run at the delightful Sheephead Bay track, to which the best social element of America has given its approval. It is run at the most delightful time of the year for racing—this year, the 16th of June. The best horses in America are engaged in it, and under conditions which provide a most exciting contest. Lastly, everybody who is anybody makes a point of being seen at the Suburban. On the lawns and in the balconies at Sheephead on Suburban day are seen the best that America has in beauty, brains and distinction.

A CORRESPONDENT, who is a friend of the Vagrant's, writes from Russia and says that he found the following epitaph on a monument over a grave in St. Petersburg:

"Here lies the body of Maurice Rypinsky, He was killed by the Japs and has been dead ever since."

—*Albany Journal.*

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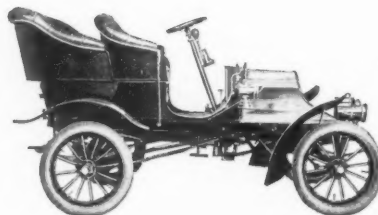
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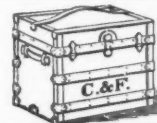
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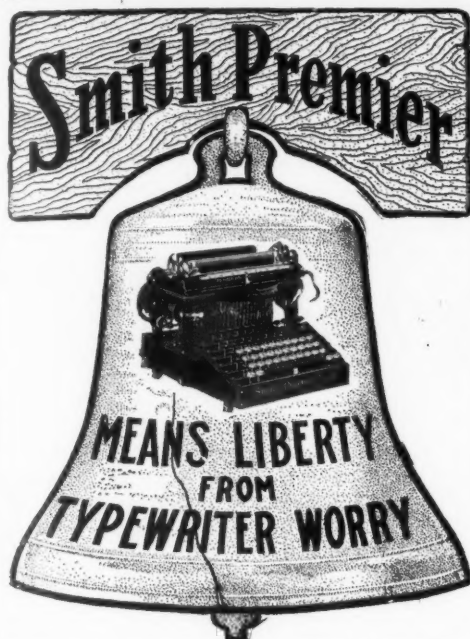
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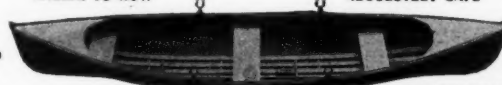
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